

# THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, BY TAYLOR & TRACY, No. 186, MAIN STREET.

VOL. I.

CINCINNATI, TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1834.

No. 18.

## THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER

Is edited by Rev. Thomas Brainerd, assisted by Rev. E. P. Appleton, under the supervision of a Committee appointed by the Cincinnati Sunday School Union. The following gentlemen compose this committee: viz. W. S. Ridgely, M. D., of the Presbyterian church; Mr. Jeremiah Butler, of the Episcopal church; Mr. William Bond, of the Baptist church; and Mr. Joseph Hudson, of the Protestant Methodist church.

TERMS—For 1 copy per year.....\$1.00  
" 4 do. do. .... 3.00  
" 7 do. do. .... 5.00  
" 15 do. do. .... 10.00

In all cases the payment to be made in advance. The profits to be devoted to the American Sunday School Union.

From the Sabbath School Visiter.

### MARY.

Mary was placed under my care for several months. At first she did remarkably well. In many respects she was very amiable, but she soon discovered one fault which caused me some trouble, and herself many unhappy hours. She wanted *perseverance*, and was easily discouraged. As she was in a new situation, and naturally desirous of obtaining the approbation of her friends, this fault was not at first observable. At length her lessons were badly learned, her work badly performed, and many little, but necessary duties, neglected.

One day she was unusually negligent, and I was obliged to chide her several times, when she exclaimed: 'I sometimes think I *can't* do anything well.' I saw that her remark was prompted by impatience, and at the time made no reply; but when she came to bid me 'good night' I reminded her of it, and mentioned my favorite motto.

It was Saturday evening. I spoke of the duties of the Holy Sabbath, and the spirit in which they ought to be performed—a spirit directly opposite to that which she had indulged during the week.

The next morning, Mary came to me, with a face glowing with cheerfulness, and said, 'I think I shall *try* to be a good girl, to-day. I mean to *try hard*,' and she succeeded far beyond my most sanguine expectations. At night she pressed her arm around my neck, and softly whispered, 'I have *tried* to be a good girl—have I done as well as you expected?' I gave her my cordial approbation, and she left me saying, 'Oh! how happy I feel to-night! I hope I shall always *remember to try*.'

And now, dear children, let me say, it may, perhaps, seem easier for the time, to say 'I *can't*,' but it brings no *peace* in the end. In every thing—whether in your duty to your friends, your attention to your studies, to the word of God, or in your search after the 'pearl of great price,' *try*, and with the divine blessing you will succeed.

'I *can't*,' is a plant which will be sterile in the torrid zone; 'I *will try*,' will bear fruit even in the frigid,—the fruit of peace here, and oftentimes of eternal blessings hereafter.

Dear children, did you ever rise in the morning with the determination to *try* to be obedient, and diligent through the day, and retire at night disheartened by failure? I mean a *real*, not an *half-way* determination—one made while you lifted your hearts to God for strength to keep it.

I feel sure you never did, and never will.

EUNISSA.

'I *will try*,' said a little boy who had been requested by his master to do a hard sum. That boy is now a wealthy merchant.

'I *will try*,' said a child whose mother had inquired if he could perform a quantity of labor in a day. That child is now raised to a station of honor.

'I *will try*,' said a youth, who had been solicited to write an article for his teacher's examination. That youth is now a distinguished author.

Children, early learn to say, 'I *will try*,' and you will almost always be sure of success. Never despond; for remember, he who perseveres will conquer the most formidable objections.



THE CONCEITED HOG.

A debate once arose among the animals in a farm yard, which of them was most valued by their common master. After the horse, the ox, the cow, the sheep, and the dog, had stated their several pretensions, the hog took up the discourse.

'It is plain (said he) that the greatest value must be set upon that animal which is kept most for his own sake, without expecting from him any return of use and service. Now which of you can boast so much in that respect as I can?

'As for you, Horse, though you are very well fed and lodged, and have servants to attend upon you and make you sleek and clean, yet all this is for the sake of your labor.

'Do not I see you taken out early every morning, put in chains, or fastened to the shafts of a heavy cart, and not brought back till noon; when, after a short respite, you are taken to work again till late in the evening? I may say just the same to the Ox, except that he works for poorer fare.

'For you, Mistress Cow, who are so dainty over your chopped straw and grains, you are thought worth keeping only for your milk, which is drained from you twice a day to the last drop, while your poor young ones are taken from you, and sent I know not whither.

'You, poor innocent Sheep, who are turned out to shift for yourselves upon the bare hills, or penned upon the fallows with now and then a withered turnip or some musty hay, you pay dearly enough for your keeping by resigning your warm coat every year, for want of which you are liable to be frozen to death on some of the cold nights before summer.

'As for the Dog, who prides himself so much on being admitted to our master's table, and made his companion, that he will scarce condescend to reckon himself one of us, he is obliged to do all the offices of a domestic servant by day, and to keep watch during the night, while we are quietly asleep.

'In short, you are all of you creatures maintained for use—poor, subservient things, made to be enslaved or pillaged. I, on the contrary, have a warm sty and plenty of provisions, all at free cost.

'I have nothing to do but grow fat and follow my amusement; and my master is best pleased when he sees me filling my belly or lying at ease in the sun.'

Thus argued the hog, and put the rest to silence by so much logic and rhetoric. This was not long before winter set in. It proved a very scarce season for fodder of all kinds, so that the farmer began

to consider how he should maintain all his live stock till spring.

'It will be impossible for me (thought he) to keep them all; I must therefore part with those I can best spare. As for my horses and working oxen, I shall have business enough to employ them; they must be kept, cost what it will.

'My cows will not give me much milk in the winter, but they will calve in the spring, and be ready for the new grass. I must not lose the profit of my dairy.

'The sheep, poor things, will take care of themselves as long as there is a bite upon the hills; and if deep snow come, we must do with them as well as we can, by the help of a few turnips and some hay; for I must have their wool at shearing time, to make out my rent with.

'But my hogs will eat me out of house and home, without doing me any good. They must go to pot, that's certain; and the sooner I get rid of the fat ones the better.'

So saying, he singled out the *orator* as one of the prime among them, and sent him to the butcher the very next day.

We learn from this fable that many persons think more highly of themselves than others think of them, and that those who are the most modest and unpretending, are frequently the best and most worthy citizens.

### I DON'T LIKE TO SEE BOYS WASTEFUL.

1. BOOKS. Books are cheap: so Alexander is always saying; and he knocks his geography about, and strains it open, and soils it, and tears it, so that in six months he must have another. Thus, he has two in a year. John sits next to him and takes care of his, and when Alexander has worn out two, John's is just as good as ever. Now yonder, on the upper end of that low seat, sits Peter without any book; for his father is either too poor—or thinks himself too poor—to buy him one. Suppose Alexander had been as careful as John, and instead of buying the second new book, for himself, had bought one for Peter, and made him a present of it. Would it not have given him pleasure?

2. CLOTHES. Lucius is ever tearing his clothes. I do not pretend that accidents can always be avoided. Clothes are not made of iron or copper, and they will sometimes get torn. But Lucius seems to take no pains to avoid tearing his. 'My father is able to have them mended, or get me more,' he is apt to say or think; and if we may judge by his behavior, there is good reason to think that he had as lieve tear and injure his coat as not, in order to have another, more new and handsome. He does not appear to remember that Mr. N.'s family suffer every winter, both for clothes and shoes; and that what he might save, would do them great good.

3. FOOD. I have seen many a boy waste his food. Does he not know that there are multitudes around him in the world, hungry and perhaps starving? By what rule, then, does he allow himself to waste things? Is it because he does not happen to see any body who is in want? Why, we may not see any body that is sick. And yet there is no day, or hour, or minute, when somebody is not sick and dying. Nay, there is no hour that can be named, when there are not more than one individual, in a large city, who feel the pangs of want; and to whom a few cents, to buy food or medicine, would not afford relief.

4. MONEY. Thomas and Robert have 124 cents a month each, to spend as they please. It is given them by their father. Thomas says to himself, when he receives his: 'This I'll save, and use it better than I did the last. I'll buy nothing but what I want.' Well, he goes out to the common in the evening, and meets a boy with candy. His mouth waters for some of the candy. Says he, one cent is but little; I have eleven and a half more. So down his throat goes the candy. Next day he

meets the orange man. 'Cheap oranges! cheap oranges! only two cents apiece.' Well, an orange is at last bought. The month is but half through, when lo! he spends the last cent. It goes rather hardly, but then he thinks; 'Why it is only a cent, and not worth much alone, if I keep it. So I'll spend it.' The rest of the month he goes without any money at all, sometimes much to his sorrow.

How does Robert manage with his ninupence? Any better? To be sure he does. He knows the power of temptation, and tries to keep out of the way of it. If he meets the candy seller, he does not stop to begin to parley with him, but goes straight by. By and by a new book appears, which his parents and teachers say is a good one. He would like to see and read it. It costs just ninepence. 'I'll buy the book,' says he. 'This will last me a great while; but the candy and oranges I should eat up at once.'—*Parley's Magazine.*

From the Youth's Companion.

#### LETTERS OF A TRAVELLER TO HIS CHILDREN.

NATICK, July, 1833.

Dear S.—If I could feel assured that my dear daughter was diligently improving her mind and heart in knowledge and piety, it would greatly animate my drooping spirits, while wandering over the hills and valleys of N. England, literally bearing the burden and heat of the day. The weather is very oppressive, and I often sigh for the period to arrive when I may again sit quietly down amid the cheering scenes of my own domestic circle.

This place is among the oldest settlements of Massachusetts, and is distinguished for many events interesting in the early history of our country.—There was located a powerful tribe of Indians.—There was in this vicinity an Indian fort, and several battles were here fought between the natives and the English, whom they regarded as intruders upon their lands and fishing grounds. Here the Rev. Mr. Elliot, whose interesting life you have read from the S. School library, began his work of preaching the gospel to the wild man of the woods. This devoted servant of the Lord Jesus Christ and first apostle to the Indians of North America, was born in England in 1604. He commenced preaching in this country in 1640—in 1650 he pitched his tent in Natick, with the most benevolent design of christianizing the natives. He first applied himself to the attainment of their language. This difficulty being overcome, he then erected a log meeting-house, which was in due form dedicated to the worship of the true God. In this the Indians were weekly convened to be instructed in the way of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. Soon by the blessing of God, upon the word preached, several natives gave evidence of christian piety, and were formed into a christian church. In 1670 this church consisted of about 60 members. After severe labor, Mr. Elliot succeeded in translating the scriptures of the Old and New Testament into the Indian language. After a protracted life of great labor and distinguished usefulness, this venerable divine departed in peace and was gathered to the sepulchre of his fathers. There followed him in the ministry over the Indian congregation, Rev. Mr. Badger. But in process of time the white people began to press in, and the Indians began to scatter away, until not a single red man remained to tell the sad tale of his father's wrongs. Upon the spot where Elliot's log church was erected, now stands a house dedicated to Unitarian worship. Hard by lies the ancient burying ground where many Indian graves are designated by the rude and decayed stones that stand at their head. Among them sleep quietly the remains of those venerable men who pointed them to the Lamb of God and to the resurrection of the just. Here the traveller, as he walks over a few rods of ground, treads upon the ashes of seven generations of men.—Here they all quietly sleep together upon the same level; whatever may have been their distinction of color, or office, or character while living. And from this spot will rise up at the last day to stand before the judgment seat of Christ, the Indian believer, and the Indian rejecter of the gospel—the christian and the infidel white man, who have gone down to the grave one after another, during two long centuries, all,

all to receive according to the deeds done in the body.

'Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound;  
Mine ears attend the cry;  
Ye living men come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.'

Thus, my dear child, one generation passeth away and another cometh up; soon the places which now know us will know us no more forever. Give to God then the dew of your youth, the vivacity and vigor of your richer years, that great may be your reward in the kingdom of heaven. Adieu, dear S.—

From your very affectionate father, —

#### DEATH OF LITTLE MARY.

Permit me to inform the juvenile readers of the Miscellany of the death of an interesting youth.—Whenever I look back upon the past year, the death of Mary I.—recurs to me. She was an engaging child, of a cheerful disposition, and was, what I hope all you little readers are—a Sunday school scholar. She possessed a cultivated mind for a girl of her age, and a heart in which, we may hope, would have centered all the christian virtues, had God spared her life. I often associated with her, and long before her death she had conceived an attachment for me, which I was always studious to cultivate, as I am peculiarly fond of observing the artless conduct of youth. It is said, 'Death loves a shining mark,' and indeed this proverb was in this case peculiarly exemplified. Her parents had frequently been congratulated, before her sickness, upon her intellectual t. culties; and the readiness with which she always listened to good instructions, secured for her not only the esteem of her parents, but of all who knew her. Some little children do not fully realize the duty they are under to their parents, to obey them whenever they are directed to perform any task that is calculated to enhance their happiness. Children who are obedient and kind are always beloved. If children wish to obey God, they will obey their parents in all things that are lawful and right.

This interesting child, last year at this time, was enjoying good health. She was much pleased with the idea of going to school; and I have seen her not unfrequently, after her return from school, on obtaining the consent of her parents, join her little mates in play, of whom perhaps she was the most lively.

Summer, the season for children, had again returned; the leaves had again appeared on the trees, and little Mary was still going to school, when that disease, so fatal to children, the scarlet fever, commenced its ravages in this country. She was attacked, and from the first was unable to go to school. Her health declined so fast that in a few days she was unable to sit up for any length of time. Her mother watched her darling child many a long and weary night, hoping that every returning morning would break the slumbers of her little Mary with an increase of health; but in this she was disappointed. Every day found the fever growing more and more alarming, till finally her doting parents saw the darling of their bosoms, the pride of their hearts, beyond the hope of recovery. They mourned for her, but not as those without hope; for they believed that if she died young, she would sooner enter heaven to praise God.

One morning, very early, the village bell broke the slumbers of the children by its long and solemn peals. As soon as they had arisen, they inquired of their parents for whom the bell was tolling; they were answered that little Mary was dead! Yes, she was dead, and her parents and an elder sister were left to weep for this untimely breach in their family circle.

The sun had not yet attained its meridian, on the third day after Mary's death, when a corpse, followed by a long train of mourners, entered the village grave yard. The coffin was placed beside a newly dug grave; and as the mourners had gathered around to obtain the last glimpse of the narrow house that contained the mortal remains of this little youth, the man of God tenderly and affectionately invoked a blessing upon the audience. The coffin was now gently lowered into its receptacle, and the gravel was indifferently heaved upon it by

the sexton, sending back its dismal and hollow reverberations to the sorrowful friends. The mother wept, leaning upon the arm of her husband, and the same dismal and gloomy reverberations were again and again returned, and the once lovely Mary I.—was soon beyond the reach of man in the earth.—Her spirit was with the God who made it; and if I shall be permitted to enter the pure society of heaven, I hope to meet it there. I wish all my little readers also to meet little Mary in that world of glory, where nothing shall disturb the peaceful tranquility of that eternal abode; and where all real christians will finally meet to sing the praises of their Heavenly Father for ever.

Youth's Miscellany.

#### LEARN TO STOOP.

[Related in a letter from Dr. Franklin to Dr. S. Mather.]

The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, he showed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, when he said hastily, Stoop! Stoop! I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me, You are young, and have the world before you; Stoop, as you go through it; and you will miss many hard thumps. This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me: and I often think of it when I see pride mortified and misfortunes brought upon people, by their carrying their heads too high.

#### The way to Heaven.

A superintendent, in addressing his Sabbath school, said, 'Were I to inquire of any of you the way to the next town, you would, no doubt, be able to tell me. But should I inquire of you the way to heaven, what answer would you give me?'

He paused; when a little girl, having climbed upon the bench, said; 'Jesus Christ, sir, is THE WAY.'

#### A little girl and the Sabbath school.

When a little girl was expostulated with for attending a Sabbath school, she immediately replied, in the words of Dr. Watts:

'I have been there, and still would go,  
'Tis like a little heaven below.'

#### Where God is NOT.

A child belonging to a Sabbath school, being asked by his teacher, if he could mention any place where God is not, replied,

'He is not in the hearts of the wicked.'

S. S. Visiter.

'Do you remember me?' said a spirit seller to his neighbor, whom he visited on his death bed.—'Yes,' said the dying man, 'I do remember you, and I remember your shop, where I formed the habit which has ruined me for this world and the next, and when I am dead, my beggar'd widow and fatherless children will remember you.' They were members of the same church, and he added, 'Yes, brother, we shall all remember you to all eternity.'

#### SCENE OF INTemperance.

COME, FATHER!—Turning the corner of Church and Warren streets the other evening, our attention was arrested by the tender and plaintive exclamation of a young female voice.—'Come, father—do, do come!' We turned, and there stood a man, respectably-looking and comfortably clad, holding by one hand on the railing, and supported by a little girl, his daughter, on the other side. She was tenderly entreating a drunken father to go home. He started off, the child clinging to his side, and as he reeled and almost fell into the gutter, the little thing literally braced herself against the pavement, and held him up. She still supported him, as he staggered to and fro, until we turned from the painful spectacle! What a beautiful commentary this upon the affection of a daughter, and what a loathsome one upon the sin of drunkenness! 'Oh, that man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brain!'—*N. Y. Commercial.*



CINCINNATI, AUGUST 19, 1834.

## DIALOGUE BETWEEN DAVID AND HIS FATHER, ABOUT THE CHOLERA.

**David.** What is the cholera, father, about which people talk so much?

**Father.** It is a very bad sickness, which causes people to die.

**David.** Is it a new sickness, that people talk so much about it?

**Father.** It is new in this country. It first began in Montreal, Canada, two years ago, but it appeared in India 18 years ago, and has been in Calcutta every summer since.

**David.** How many people have died of it in all, do you think?

**Father.** At least fifty millions; but in this country not more than twenty thousand. In Cincinnati about one thousand have died of it in three years. In New York, about four thousand, and it is there again this season.

**David.** Do they die quick with it?

**Father.** Yes, very soon; they seldom live more than 24 hours after they are taken.

**David.** Do all die that have it?

**Father.** By no means. It begins with sickness at the stomach, and temperate people, who are careful to take medicine immediately, nearly all get well.

**David.** Why then do so many die?

**Father.** Because they will eat cucumbers and green corn, &c. when the cholera is about, and not take medicine when they begin to be sick.

**David.** Is it catching?

**Father.** Oh, no. Not one in twenty who have been exposed to it, have had it in Cincinnati. When it gets into a family it often carries off several, because the same cause that brings it upon one brings it upon another. But nobody in Cincinnati thinks it is catching.

**David.** But what is the best medicine to take for it?

**Father.** That is a hard question, and doctors differ about it. But nearly all the doctors in Cincinnati believe that nine grains of calomel and one of opium, made into a pill, and taken as soon as the cholera comes on, will cure it in most cases.

**David.** I thank you father, for answering all my questions.

## SELFISH PRAYERS.

When I was a little boy, I was learned to say my prayers, but unless my mother accompanied me to bed, I would omit my worship for days and weeks. Then, perhaps, I would hear that some little playmate was sick, or dead, or else I would listen to some faithful preacher, who would tell people so plainly about death and hell, that I began to be afraid of dying in sin, and this would lead me to say my prayers very regularly for some weeks. The fact was, I did not love to pray, because my heart was so wicked; and therefore I neglected prayer when I could do it without fear of losing my soul.

Now I think that such conduct was very foolish and sinful, and I wonder that I could ever have expected that God would hear and answer such selfish prayers. What should we think of a little son who should never speak to his father, unless he was in danger and wanted help. We should think he hated his father, and we should hardly expect that his father would do anything, to make such a bad son happy.

It is to be hoped that some of our little friends pray morning and evening, without fail; because they love to hold communion with the great and good God, who made them, and with the Savior who redeemed them from eternal death.

## ANGER.

Anger is a dreadful passion. See that little girl. How gentle and lamb-like she looks. How sweet the smile that plays upon her lip and lightens her eye. How beautifully her silken locks are fastened with a ribband, that they may not interfere with her bonnet. As she trips along to school, every bird, and brook, and flower, and tree, seems to rejoice in her presence.

See that little girl again, her bonnet torn off, her hair playing in the wind, her face scratched and torn, and eyes almost bloodshot, and her lips pouting. Can this be the happy little maiden whom we saw a few minutes ago? Certainly. She was goodnatured then. She has been angry, and had a quarrel since. That is all the difficulty.

Once more. See that man bleeding. He faints and appears to be dead. Put your hand upon his pulse, how feeble. Look at his countenance, how deathlike. But stand back, he revives a little. Now he is in a convulsion. How he cramps and groans. Poor man, he will hardly see his family again. His wife must be a widow and his children must be fatherless.

What is the cause of all this? *Anger.* He, in a fit of passion, struck a man, and that man stabbed him with a dirk. Poor fellows, how much trouble and anguish would they have saved themselves, had they governed their temper. This is a true story. We saw it ourselves. Let boys take warning by the fate of these men, and learn to control their spirits.

## SWEARING.

'Who thinks any better of you for swearing?' said a gentleman to a little boy, who was using profane language. The boy was silent, and knew not what to reply. Indeed, he appeared rather ashamed, as if he was conscious of having done a foolish and sinful thing.

'To swear,' secures no respect, even from bad men. They may not rebuke the swearer, but they inwardly despise him, and in a time of trouble, they would be afraid to trust him. He who so far violates conscience and duty, as to trifle with the holy name of God, will hardly be faithful to his fellow men; and he must not be surprised if his profanity excludes him from decent society.

Let our young friends remember this maxim. It may save them in the hour of temptation. 'No one will ever respect you more, for sinning against God.'

## SABBATH SCHOOLS.

For the Child's Newspaper.

Hamilton, O., August 11, 1834.

## MESSRS. EDITORS,

It requires no evidence at this time, to prove that Sabbath schools are, both morally and spiritually, of importance to the young and rising generation. At the close of the Sabbath school, in this place, yesterday morning, the superintendent, in his remarks, proposed the following questions, to be answered by the children: 'Why should we remember our Creator in the days of our youth?' A very interesting lad of about 12 years of age, made the following reply: 'Because we may die before we grow older.' 'Will it add to our happiness to serve

God now?' Another lad of the same age, answered—'Yes, and we have more time now, to attend to it.' Indeed, sirs, both teachers and spectators, were astonished to hear such replies from mere children. Do you believe these children would have been able to have made such answers, had they not received these impressions in the Sabbath schools? *A Friend to Sabbath Schools.*

We now print ONE THOUSAND copies of the 'Child's Newspaper' every two weeks, but we should be glad to double this number. We again invite all our friends to act as agents for us. Let each one procure one subscriber, and on the first day of January next, we will begin to print the 'Child's Newspaper' every week for the same price as we now furnish it.

For the Child's Newspaper,  
CARD.

The subscriber acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, from S. S. Scholars, to be applied in the distribution of tracts among the heathen, viz: Hannah Gibson, 25 cents; Judith Bell, 25 c.; Jane Bell, 25 c.; Mary Jane Foreman, 25 c.; Martha Bell, 25 c.; Elizabeth Weaver, 5 c.; D. Luckey, 12½ c.; (Circleville, O.) Lucy Woodbridge, 50 c.; Maria Woodbridge, 25 c.; (Marietta, O.) James Herron, 25 c.; David G. Herron, 25 c.; John Herron, 25 c.; (Hillsboro', O.)

J. GRIDLEY, Agent A. T. S.

Cincinnati, August, 1834.

## THE EFFECTS OF STRONG DRINK.

From the Alabama (Montgomery) Journal of June 7th.—On Friday, the 30th of May last, in presence of a numerous concourse of people, one Stanmour Green was executed on a gallows near Hayneville, Lowndes county, for having committed the crime of murder on the body of his uncle Jack S. Green, of Montgomery county. Green confessed, some time before his execution, of committing the murder, and said his uncle was the best friend he had on earth—and that he had no illwill towards him, but it was done through the effects of intemperance. Reader, you who are fond of the intoxicating cup, think for a moment of this unfortunate man: he lay in chains for 7 months in a wretched dungeon, deprived of the company of friends and every other earthly enjoyment; and at last, torn from the bosom of a lovely wife, and a precious little boy, about ten months of age, his spirit has gone to an awful eternity, never to return. He made no profession of a change of heart, but his last words were, for the Lord to have mercy upon him. O drunkard, wherever you be, let this be a solemn warning. Ye men of God, send your united petitions to heaven, for a reformation of our land and nation.

EVAPORATION.—The Mediterranean Sea, says the Scientific Tract, 'contains 762,000 square miles, from which there is daily evaporated 5,250,000,000 tons of water.'

If this is true, and if this water—thus daily evaporated—were put up in casks and loaded into wagons, a ton to each wagon, and each wagon were to occupy two rods of road, the line would be more than 1300 times as long as the circumference of the earth; or about 133 times the whole distance from us to the moon. Or if loaded into merchant vessels, carrying 200 tons, and each vessel's length required five rods space, it would load 26,400,000 vessels, and the line would reach 412,222 miles; or about 17 times round the globe.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.—Some days since, the barn of Mr. C. G. Stewart, near Quebec, was set on fire by lightning and consumed. In the barn was a pigeon-house, and two of the pigeons were breeding. When the barn was struck by lightning they were outside. The people who arrived alarmed them, and they flew away; but in a little time, when the flames had surrounded the pigeon house, they both came dashing on full wing to their nests, through the flames, and soon fell a prey to them.



## FATHER WILLIAM, AND THEOPHILUS.

You are old, father William, Theophilus cries,  
The few locks which are left you are grey :—  
You appear, father William, a healthy old man;  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

When I was a youth, father William replied,  
I remembered that youth would fly fast;  
I abused not my health and vigor at first,  
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, father William, Theophilus said,  
And pleasures, with youth, pass away;  
And yet you repent not the days that are gone;—  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

When I was a youth, father William replied,  
I remembered that youth could not last:  
I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, father William, the young man still cries,  
And life is swift hastening away:  
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death!  
Come tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, father William replied;  
Let the cause you attention engage:  
In the days of my youth I remembered my God!  
And he hath not forgotten my age.

## NEVER FIGHT.—A DIALOGUE.

'Fight him; that's right,' said a big boy to little John Miller, 'Give him his own.'

Now, John, instead of coming home from school directly, stopped on the way at a corner, where a number of boys were gathered together, and one of them caught off his hat to tease him.

'Give me my hat,' said John. 'Give me my hat,' said the boy, mocking him. 'Hurrah! look here boys,' said he, 'see how high this hat will go; and away he threw John's hat into the air.'

John ran to pick it up, but the other boy ran too, and both trying to get it at once, they fell down upon it, and mashed and trampled it in the dirt.

As soon as John got up and saw his hat spoiled, he flew at the other boy and struck him. 'That's right,' said the boys—and one of them called out, 'Strip and fight, and I'll see fair play.'

The boys gathered round, and John stood very angrily looking at his hat, and then at the boy who had treated him so.

He did think once, and twice too, of what his father and mother had often said to him: 'Never fight: if other boys treat you ill, be kind to them in return; as the bible says, "Bless them that curse you."'

And he turned once to go, but the boys all called out, 'Give it to him—have a fight with him—don't be a coward.' John looked at his hat, and looked at the other boy, and he forgot his father, and mother, and the bible, and his God too, and he stripped off his coat and ran at the boy with his fist.

'I'll hold your coat,' said one of the boys. 'Come on then,' said John: and these naughty boys fought till they were parted by some one passing that way. John took up his hat and got home as well as he could.

'Where's John?' said his father; 'why does he not come in to his dinner?' The other children looked at their mother anxiously, and she said, 'John is ashamed to come in—he has been behaving himself very badly, and he is not fit to be seen. I sent him by himself, and after dinner, you will see him and talk to him.'

'John has been fighting,' whispered little Charles to his sister.

After dinner, John's father called his little boy to him. John came forward trying to hide his face. His clothes were dusty and torn, and as his father took down his hand with which he had been trying to cover his eyes, he was, indeed, as his mother had said, 'not fit to be seen.'

His eye was black, and his face scratched, and he did not look at all like the pleasant, clean little boy, who had been sent to school that morning by his kind mother, with a charge to go with no bad boys, but to come home immediately from school, as soon as it was out.

John's father looked at him for a few minutes with great sorrow, and then said, 'How came you in this condition, my son?'

'Sam Drake fought with me, sir,' said John, and he began to cry. 'You mean you have been fighting with Sam Drake,' said his father.

John. He took my hat, sir, and threw it in the dirt.

Father. And then did you pick it up and come quietly home?

John. No, sir. We fell upon it together, and then I struck him.

Father. How shameful! Could you, my son, bear to be seen behaving yourself so disgracefully? Then did he strike you again?

John. No, sir; not till we began to fight.

Father. Who began first?

John. I did, sir. The boys said I should not take it of him, but should give him his own. So I dared him to fight me.

Father. That is you challenged him, and as far as you were able, you have been fighting a duel.

John. A duel, sir? What is that?

Father. Just what you have been doing, only men, who are angry at each other, and fight, generally take swords or pistols, or some deadly weapon: and if any such had been there at the time, I have no doubt that, in your rage, you would have used it.

John. I had to fight. The boys all said that I should be a coward if I did not fight.

Father. You showed yourself a greater coward by fighting; for you were afraid of the ridicule of a few wicked boys, and that for doing right. The poor wretched men who fight duels, talk in the same way. If you had true courage, you would dare to do your duty in the face of all the laughter and ridicule, that the boys could heap upon you. And yet you dared to do more than I would have done.

'How, sir?' said John, in a low voice.

Father. You dared to offend God, by going directly contrary to what he tells you, in his blessed word. This same spirit which leads you to fight thus with your schoolfellows, will lead you, if God spares you to be a man, to fight a duel with pistols. If any one offends you, and your companions say you must fight or they will call you a coward, you will fight, and perhaps commit murder or be murdered yourself, and stand before God in judgment, with all your sins upon your head.

My son, never be enticed or provoked to this again. Always remember that the bible says, 'it is the glory of a man to pass by a transgression;' and never go into the company of boys who will urge you to break the commandments of God.

**SERIOUS ACCIDENT.**—On Sunday last, a young man of Perrysburgh, about 15 years old, went into the woods with his gun to watch a deer-lick. After halting at the spot a short time, one of his neighbors, out with a gun for the same purpose, came up to the opposite side of the lick, and observing the young man's arm or hand move through the bushes, supposed it to be a deer, and shot at him; the ball entered one hip and passed out through the other, wounding him in such a manner as to render his recovery very doubtful. The young man's name is Pease.—*Lodi Freeman.*

**NEW YORK CANALS.**—It is stated that there are upwards of four thousand boats at present engaged in navigating the New York canals. Admitting them to be, on an average, eighty feet long, they would reach, if joined together, nearly sixty-eight miles.

**SNATCHED FROM DEATH.**—The New York Star says—While the steamboat Wm. Avery was lying at the wharf in Ogdensburg, the engineer, Mr. D. Stebbins, discovered a boy in the water in the act of sinking; he immediately plunged in the river, and succeeded in reaching him. On being brought to the shore, he said another boy had sunk, when Mr. Stebbins made a second plunge, and swimming to a certain distance with a pole in his hand, he placed it down and discovered that bubbles arose to the surface. On removing the pole the body of the boy came up and was removed insensible to the shore. By proper remedies he was speedily recovered, and no words can paint the joy he exhibited on being brought as it were to life, and saw again his companion, whom he thought, had sunk to rise no more.

ALBANY, July 26.

**DROWNED.**—Mr. B. C. Allen this morning held an inquest on the bodies of two lads, named Joseph and Peter Bruner, aged 11 and 16 years. They went into the river to bathe, near the rail-road warehouse, in the south part of the city; and, stepping into one of the deep holes in the vicinity, both sank, and were drowned. They were interesting boys, sons of Mr. Peter Bruner, a farmer, on his way, with his family, to the far west. Eight persons have been drowned in that place during the present month.

**EXTRAORDINARY RECOGNITION.**—A man has lately returned to England, after an absence of 36 years, who was engaged, in the year 1798, with nineteen others, in the murder of an innocent and inoffensive man. He was immediately recognized and committed to prison, and his identity and guilt, it is stated, can be established beyond doubt. Of his nineteen comrades, eighteen were condemned and executed for that and other murders, and the other was shot in attempting to escape from jail.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

**LUSUS NATURÆ.**—An infant, or pair of twins, were born in this borough on Saturday last. Having two heads, four arms and four legs: they were joined at the breast, and from examination, had but one heart. The child was dead, and we understand has been taken to Philadelphia, for the examination of scientific gentlemen there.—*Norristown Herald.*

**A BIG KETTLE.**—It is mentioned in an English paper, that the largest wrought iron vessel ever manufactured in the kingdom of Great Britain, is now being made at Derby. Its dimensions are as follows: diameter 47 feet; depth 20 feet, 3 inches; weight between 50 and 60 tons. It will contain 218,947 gallons, and 980 tons of water.

**THE PARTICLES OF LIGHT.**—Dr. Nieuwentyt—his name is as hard to pronounce as his account is wonderful—computes that, in a second, there flow out from a burning candle, 418,660,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 particles of light. Can you numerate the sum?

**THE OCEAN.**—The deepest part of the ocean which has been sounded, is one mile and sixty-six feet in depth. If we suppose its medium depth to be two miles, the water in it would cover all the dry parts of the earth—if it could be spread over them—to the depth of about 31,680 feet, or six miles!

**GOLD.**—It is stated in the Lancaster (Pa.) Journal that veins of gold have been found in that county, which are as rich as any of the mines at the South. This is to be regretted. Mines of Iron and Coal will enrich—but gold mines will impoverish a country.

Mr. George Shank, an aged and respectable inhabitant of York, Penn., met his death on Saturday last by being thrown from his horse on to the sharp edge of a scythe, which severed a number of arteries, causing him to bleed to death in a few minutes.